

equipage was on its way across the pier and when the commanding officer of the arriving regiment reached the spot which he had planned to occupy with his band, his staff and all his officers, there in state and ceremony to receive the citizens who came in swarms to bid them farewell, he found it occupied by as many as eight found it occupied by as many as eight snowy, goody-laden tables, presided over by as many as eighty charming maids and matrons, all ready and eager to comfort and revive the inner man of his mighty regiment with coffee and good cheer illimit-Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. The story opens with a scene in the regi-

tal camp on Presidio Heights, overlook-

ing San Francisco harbor. Rumers of moving

orders to Manila and the arrival from New

York of Indy visitors at headquarters vary

the menotony of camp routine. The visitors are in search of a runaway boy, who is be-

lieved to have entered the army, and Lieut.

Gray, the most popular young officer in his regiment through a supposed acquaintance

with one of the visiting party, Miss Amy Lawrence, is envied by his fellows. The party, escorted by Col. Armstrong, attends a

eview on the drill grounds, and is disturbed

by the sight of a young prisoner who breaks

away from his guards near it and by a

collision among the carriages. Mrs. Garri-son, an old acquaintance of Col. Armstrong.

is burt. Private Morton is arrested on a

charge of steading money. He appeals to Lieut. Gray of his fraternity for help, and

Gray secures the detail of guard over him.

roar of voices mingled with the swing and rhythm and crash of martial music. Dock policemen and soldiers on guard began bor-

ing a wide lane through the throng of peo-

ple on the pler. A huge black transport

ship lay moored along the opposite side to

that on which the guns and troopers were

embarked, and for hours bales, boxes and

barrels had been swallowed up and stored

in her capacious depths, until now, over

against the tables of the Red Cross, there

lay behind a rope barrier, taut stretched and guarded by a line of sentries, an open

space close under the side of the greater steamer and between the two landing stages, placed fore and aft. By this time

the north side of the broad pier was lit-

tered with the inevitable relics of open air

lunching, and though busy hands had been

at work and the tables had been cleared,

and fresh white cloths were spread and

everything on the tables began again to

look fair and inviting, the good fairies

look fair and inviting, the good fairies themselves looked askance at their bestrewn surroundings. "Oh, if we could only move everything bodlly over to the other side," walled Madam President, as from her perch on a stack of Red Cross boxes she surveyed that coveted stretch of clean, unhampered flooring.

"And why not?" chirruped Mrs. Garrison, from a similar perch, a tier or two higher. "Here are men enough to move mountains. All we have to do is to say the word."

"Ah, but it isn't," replied the other, gazing wistfully about over the throng of faces, as though in search of some one sufficient in rank and authority to serve her purpose. "We plead in vain with the officer of the guard. He says his orders are imperative—to allow no one to intrude on that space," and madam looked as though she would rather look anywhere than at the animated sprite above her.

"What nonsense," shrilled Mrs. Garrison.

me my bag. I'm army woman enough t

know that order referred only to the street

heads of the crowd to where a handsome carriage was slowly working its way

among the groups of prettly dressed wo-

men and children-friends and relatives of

members of the departing commands, in whose behalf, as though by special dispen-

sation, the order excluding all but soldiers and the Red Cross had been modified. Al-ready the levely dark-eyed girl on the near

side had waved her hand in greeting, responding to Mrs. Garrison's enthusiastic signals, but her companion, equally lovely,

signals, but her companion, equally lovely, though of far different type, seemed pre-

occupied, perhaps unwilling to see, for her large, dark, thoughtful eyes were engaged with some object on the opposite side-not

even with the distinguished-looking soldier who sat facing her and talking quietly at

even with the distinguished-looking solider who sat facing her and talking quietly at the moment with Mr. Prime. There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Garrison's dancing eyes as she took out a flat notebook and pencil and dashed off a few lines in beld and vigorous strokes. Tearing out the

ing over the edge of the pier, hanging on to an iron ring and shouting some parting

words to comrades on the upper deck, but her shrill soprano cut through the dull roar of deep, masculine voices and the tramp of feet on resounding woodwork.

men and move these two tables across the

"took in" the gold-crossed sabers, topped by a regimental number in brilliants that

pinned her martial collar at the round, white threat, noted the ribbon and pin and badge of the Red Cross, and the symbol of the 8th Corps in red enamel and gold

upon the breast of her jacket, and above all the ring of accustomed authority in her

ing to the pile of boxes he grasped the pa-per, respectfully raised his cap, and bored his stalwart way across the pler. In three minutes he was back—half a dozen soldlers at his heels.

"Where'll you have em, has an he asked, as the men grasped the supports and raised the nearmost table.
"Straight across and well over to the same crisp

edge," she answered, in the same crisp tones of command. Then, with total and instant change of manner, "I suppose your tables should go first, Madam President,"

tables should go first, Madam President," she smilingly said. "It shall be as you wish about the others."

And the Red Cross was vanquished.
"I declare," said an energetic official, a moment later, leaning back on her throne of lemon boxes and fanning herself vigorously, "for a whole hour I've been trying to move that officer's heart and convince him the order didn't apply to us. Now, how did—she-do, it.""

a quick feminine comprehensive glance at the little lady now being lifted up to shake hands with the carriage folk, after being loaded with compliments and congratula-tions by the ladies of the two favored ta-

bles.
"Not at all," was the prompt reply. "He

is a volunteer officer she never set eyes on before today. I would like to know what was on that paper."

But now the roar of cheering and the

bare of martial music had reached the very gateway. The broad portals were thrown open and in blue and brown, crush-

ed and squeezed by the attendant throng, the head of the column of infantry came

the head of the column of infantry came striding onto the pier. The band, wheeling

to one side, stood at the entrance, play

were still far down the long pler, the slop ing rifles just visible, dancing over th heads of the crowd. No time was to b ing rifles just visible, dancing over the heads of the crowd. No time was to be lost. More tables were to be carried, but-

ing them in, the rafters ringing to th ring strains of "The Liberty Bell."

officer must be some old-some per-riend," hazarded the secretary, with

-she-do it?"

'Where'll you have 'em, ma'am-miss?"

she rapidly read it over, folded it and glanced imperiously about her. A cav-alry sergeant, one of the home troop des-tined to remain at the Presidio, was lean-

cant" she cried, with quick deci-Take this over to the officer in com-of that guard. Then bring a dozen

The cavalryman glanced at the

I that sometimes works in on the pier teals." The bag was duly passed up

She cast one swift glance over the

The troops prepare to sail for Manila. Far up the westward street the distant

Didn't I give you personal and positive orders not to let anything or anybody oc-cupy this space after the baggage was got aboard, sir?" he demanded. aroard, sir?" he demanded.

"You did, sfr," said the unabashed lieutenant, pulling a folded paper from his belt, "and the Red Cross got word to the general, and what the Red Cross says—goes. Look at that!"

The colonel looked, read, looked dazed, scratched his head, and said: "Well, I'm d—d". Then he turned to his said: "well, and the said of the said

able, and the colonel swore a mighty oath

and pounced on his luckless officer of the guard. He had served as a subaltern many

a year in the old army and knew how it

d—d!" Then he turned to his adjutant. You were with me when I saw the general last night and he told me to put this guard on and keep this space clear. Now, what d'you say to that?"

The adjutant glanced over the penciled a dozen feet away and coming straight to

Cross is going to hold good, once they find it out, you're bound to get left. They're

feasting the first company now, sir; shall

have it stopped?" And there was a grin under the young soldier's mustache. The colonel paused one moment, shook his head

and concluded he, too, would better grin and bear it. Taking the paper in his hand

again he heard his name called and sav

smiling faces and beckoning hands in ar

open carriage near him, but the sight of Stanley Armstrong signaling to him from

another, farther away, had something dominant about it. "With you in a min-ute," he called to those who first had sum-moned him. "What is it, Armstrong?"

"I wish to present you to some friends of mine—Miss Lawrence—Miss Prime—Mr. Prime—my old associate., Col. Stewart. Pardon me, Mrs. Garrison. I did not see you had returned." She had, and was once

you had returned." She had, and was once more perched upon the step. "Mrs. Garri-

on Col Stewart What we need to know

Stewart, is this: Will all your men board the ship by this stage, or will some go

But the colonel felt a somewhat massive

hand crushing down on his own, and foreoore to press the question. Armstrong let no pause ensue. He spoke rapidly, for

no pause ensue. He spoke rapidly, for him, bending forward, too, and speaking low; but even as she chatted and laughed,

the little woman on the carriage step saw

even though she did not seem to look

neard, even though she did not seem to

"An awkward thing has happened. The

general's tent was robbed of important papers, perhaps two days ago, and the guard house rid of a most important pris-

mer last night. Canker has but the officer

of the guard in arrest. Remember good old Billy Gray, who commanded us at

Apache? This is Billy Junior, and I'm awfully sorry." Here the soft gray eyes glanced quickly at the anxious face of Miss

Lawrence, who sat silently feigning interest

in the chat between the others. The anxious look in her eyes increased at Arm-

strong's next words: "The prisoner must have had friends. He is now said to be among your men, disguised, and those two

hought all that space was to be kept

"It was," answered Stewart, "yet the

chief must have been overpersuaded. Look here!" and the colonel held forth a scrap

of paper. Amy Lawrence, hearing some-thing like the gasp of a sufferer in sudden pain, turned quickly, and saw that every vestige of color had left Mrs. Garrison's

face—that she was almost reeling on the step. Before she could call attention to it Armstrong, who had taken and glanced

curiously at the scrap, whirled suddenly

As suddenly Mrs. Garrison had sprung

is eyes, in stern menace, swept the where the little lady clung but an in-

at the stage are detectives.

to issue instructions as to the moving of the other tables. "Certainly, ladies," she responded with charming smiles. "Just military crime? And yet—men got to ask-one minute, Mildred. Don't drive farther yet," and within that minute half a dozen Curran had carried a note from the prisoner, Morton, to Mr. Gray about 2:30 that after-neon? And what was this about Gray's having urged Brooke to swap tours with him an hour later, and what was that story boys in blue were lugging at the first of the tables still left on the crowded side of the dock, and others still were bearing oil stoves, urns and trays. In less time than it takes to tell it the entire Red Cross the headquarters clerks were telling about Mr. Gray's coming to the adjutant and begging to be allowed to "march on" that evening instead of Brooke? It wasn't long before these rumors, somehow, got to Canker's ears, and Canker seemed to grow as big again, be of the broadland the big again. ser's cars, and Canker seemed to grow as big again; he fairly swelled with indignation at thought of such turpitude on part of an officer. Then he sent for Gray—it was the afternoon following the salling of the ships with the big brigade—and with pain and bewilderment and indignation in his brave blue eyes the youngster came and stood before his stern superior.

Gordon, who sent the message and who

Gordon, who sent the message, and who had heard Canker's denunciatory remarks, had found time to scribble a word or two"Admit nothing; say nothing; do nothing but hold your tongue and temper. If C. insists on answers say you decline except in presence of your legal adviser." So in presence of your legal adviser." So there was a scene in the commander's tent that afternoon. The morning had not been without its joys. Along about 10 o'clock, as Gray sat writing to his father in his little canvas home, he heard a voice that sent the blood leaping through his veins and filled his eyes with light. Spring-ing from his campstool and capsizing it as he did so, he poked his curiy head from the entrance of the tent—and there she was only a dozen feet away—Major Lane in courteous attendance, Mr. Prime sadly fol-lowing, and Miss Prime quie content with the devotions of Captain schuyler. Only

as he clinched his fists and fairly stood upon his toes an instant, his strong white teeth grinding together. "It would besimply hell!" he burst in again hoarse and quivering. "It would ruin—everything! Can't the general give the order tonight." he asked, with intense eagerness, while the young officer, taking him by the arm, had led him again to the light of the guard house lamps at the front. The sergeant and a group of soldiers of alightened up and faced them, listening curfously. "It may be even impossible to see the general," answered Gray, doubtfully. "Take Morton into the guard room till I get back. sergeant, and let him warm himself thoroughly. Don't put him with the prisoners

oughly. Don't put him with the prisoners till I return;" and so saying he had hasten-ed away. Gordon, his friend and adviser, had left camp and gone visiting over in the other division. The lights at general head-quarters were turned low. Even now, after having heard proofs of the innocence of the accused soldier, Gray knew that it was useless to appeal to the colonel. He could not understand however, the feverish alnot understand, however, the feverish-al-most insane-impatience of the lad for im-mediate release. Another day ought not to make so great a difference. What could be the reason—if it were not that, though in-nocent of the robbery of the storehouse, or of complicity in the sale of stolen goods, some other crime lay at his door which the morrow might disclose? All the loyalty of a Delta Sig was stretched to the snapping point as Gray paused irresolute in front of the adjutant's tent, his quest there unsuccessful. The agreement of the sale of the snapping point as Gray paused irresolute in front of the adjutant's tent, his quest there unsuccessful. The agreement as gray as greek. cessful. The sergeant major and a sorely badgered clerk were working late over some regimental papers—things that Morton wrote out easily and accurately.

"I suppose, sir, it's no use asking to have

the prisoner sent up here under guard," said that jewel of a non-commissioned officer. "Yet the colonel will be savage if these papers ain't ready. It will take us Gray shook his curly head. "Go ask, if you like, but—Morton's in no shape to help

"Has he been drinking, sir?" said the sergeant major, in surprise. "I never knew

"Oh, it isn't that," said Gray, hastily "only he's-he's got-other matters on his mind! Bring me his overcoat. He said it was in his tent," and the young officer jerked his head at the patch of little "A" tents lined up in the rear of those of the olders.

"Get Morton's overcoat and take it to him at the guard house," snapped the staff ser-geant to the clerk "Be spry, now, and no

Morton, then breaking of short as though at loss for descriptive less of sufficient strength. He seemed to swell with passion as he clinched his fists and fairly stood at loss was: "How did those fellows so until late in the afternoon the question that agitated the entire range of regimental camps was: "How did those fellows break away from the prison of the teenth?" Then came a clue, and then—discovery

teenth?" Then came a clue, and then—discovery.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel Canker a board of officers had been convened to investigate the matter, and, after questioning everybody whom "Squeers" had already badgered with his assertions, threats and queries, they went to the guardhouse and began a thorough inspection of the premises. The wooden building stood in the midst of a waste of sand blown in from the shore line by the strong ing stood in the midst of a waste of sand blown in from the shore line by the strong sea wind. It was perched on something like a dozen stout posts driven into the soft soil and then the space between the floor level and the sand was heavily and stoutly boarded in—thick planks being used. Between the floor and the sand was a space of about eighteen inches vertical, and a dozen men could have sprawled therein—lying at full length—but to escape would have required the connivance of and a dozen men could have sprawled therein—lying at full length—but to escape would have required the connivance of one or more of the sentries surrounding the building and the ripping off of one or more of the planks. In his keen anxiety Canker accompanied the board on its tour of investigation—a thing the board did not at all like—and presently, as was his wont, began running things his own way. It had been found useless to question the soldiers of the guard. Not a man could be found to admit he knew the faintest thing about the escape. As for the prisoners, most of them reckless, devil-may-care rascals, they grinned or leered suggestively, but had nothing to tell.

"We'll have this boarding ripped off," said Canker decisively, "and see what they've got secreted under there. I shouldn't be surprised to find a whisky still in full blast or a complete gambling outfit—fash, dash 'em to dash and dash-nation! Send for a carpenter, sergeant."

The carpenter came and he and two or three of the guard laid hold of one end of the plank after its nails were drawn, and with little exertion ripped it off the other posts. Then everybody held his breath a minute, stared, and a small majority swore. So far from its being open to cats, cans and rubbish, the space on that side was filled solid with damp, heavy sea sand—a vertical wallextending from floor to ground.

and rubbish, the space on that side was filled solid with damp, heavy sea sand—a vertical wall extending from floor to ground. Canker almost ran around to the opposite side and had a big plank torn off there. Within was a wall as damp, solid and straight as that first discovered, and so, when examined were the two other sides.

straight as that first discovered, and so, when examined, were the two other sides provided. Canker's face was a study, and the board gazed and was profoundly happy. At last the colonel exploded:
"By Jupiter! They haven't got away at all, then! There isn't a flaw in the sand wall anywhere. They must be hiding about the middle now. Come on, gentlemen," and around he trotted to the front door. "Sergeant," he cried, "get out all the prisoners—all their bedding—every bessed thing they've got. I want to examine that floor." Most of the guardhouse "birds" were out Most of the guardhouse "birds" were out chopping wood, and Canker danced in among the few remaining, loading them with bedding belonging to their fellows, until every item of clothing and furniture until every item of clothing and furniture was shoved out of the room. One member of the board, and one only, failed to enter with his associates—a veteran captain who read much war literature and abhorred Canker. To the surprise of the sentry he walked deliberately over to the fence, climbed it and presently began poking about the wooden curb that ran along the read, making a low revetment or retaining wall for the earth, cinders and gravel that, distributed over the sand, had been hopefully designated a sidewalk by the owners of the tract. Presently he came sauntering back, and both sentries within easy range would have sworn he was easy range would have sworn he was chuckling. Canker greeted him with cus-

tomary asperity.
"What do you mean, sir, by absenting yourself from this investigation, when you must have known I was with the board and giving it the benefit of the information had gathered?"

"I was merely expediting matters, col-onel. While you were looking for where they went in I was finding where they got

"Went in what? Got out of what?" snapped Canker.

ritheir tunnel, sir. It's Libby on a small scale over again. They must have been at work at it at least ten days." And as he spoke, calmly ignoring Canker and letting his eyes wander over the floor, the veteran battalion commander sauntered across the room, stirred up a slightly projecting bit of flooring with the toe of his boot and placidly continued. "If you'll be good enough to let the men pry this up you may understand," And when pried up and lifted away-a

square—there yawned beneath it, leading slantwise downward in the direction of the street, a tunnel through the soft, yielding sand, braced and strengthened here and there with lids and sides of cracker boxes. 'Now, if you don't mind straddling a fence, sir, I'll show you the other end," said the captain, imperturbably leading the way, and Canker, half-dazed, yet wholly in command of his stock of blasphemy, followed. At the curb, right in the midst of a lot of loose hay from the baies dumped there three days before, the leader dislodged with his sword the top of a clothing box that had been thickly covered with sand and hay—and there was the outlet. "Easy as rolling off a log, colonel," said old Cobb, with a sarcastic grin. "This could all be done without a man you've blamed and ar-rested being a whit the wiser. They sawed a panel out of the floor, scoop sand out of this tunnel, banked it solid against the weather boarding inside, filled up the whole space, pretty near, but run their tunnel under fence and sidewalk, crawled down the gutter to the next block out of sight of the sentries, then walked away free men. Those three thieves who got away were old hands. The other men in the guard house were only mild offenders, except Morton. 'Course he was glad of the chance to go with 'em. I s'pose you'll release my sergeant and those sentries now." tries now.'

"I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Canker, red with wrath, "and your sug-gestion is disrespectful to your commanding officer. When I want your advice I'll ask for it."
"Well, Mr. Gray will be relieved to learn

of this, anyhow. I suppose I may tell him, hazarded the junior member, mischiev jusly.

"Mr. Gray be ---. Mr. Gray has every thing to answer for!" shouted the angered colonel. "It was he who telephoned for a carriage to meet and run those rascals off. Mr. Gray's fate is sealed. He can thank God I don't slap him into the guard house with his chosen associates, but he shan' scape. Sergeant of the guard, post a try over Lieut. Gray's tent, with orders to allow no one to enter or leave it without my written authority. Mr. Gray shall pay for this behind the prison bars of Al-

(To be continued). Are Forging Ahead in Chicago.

catraz."

From the Chicago Journal. The number of artists in Chicago was in

creased recently by the arrival of one from distant city, who during his leisure moments strolled about the downtown streets seeing the sights. Passing a store where a number of paint-

ings were displayed in the windows he stepped inside to look about. Standing before a landscape about 10x14 inches in size he assumed the manner of an admirer of art and awaited the approach of the pro prietor.
The latter advanced smiling and rubbing

his hands. He greeted the visitor cordially and said:

and said:

"You are an admirer of paintings, I see."

"Yes, to some extent," was the reply.

"That is a pretty bit of scenery," the dealer returned, "that you are looking at there-that little clump of green trees and the red house. It has a charming atmosphere about it, don't you think? With the frame, that are it is, we are asking only \$15 for it. about it, don't you think? With the frame, just as it is, we are asking only \$15 for it. Now, that over there is a companion piece; same size, same frame. Now, if you would like to buy the pair," he continued, becoming very earnest, "we could let you have them for—let me see—take them along for \$25."

ing very earnest, "we could let you have them for—let me see—take them along for \$25."

"Well, it's evidently a fair price, but the fact is I don't want to buy them; I am a painter myself."

"Oh, you are an artist," smilingly remarked the dealer. "Well, perhaps you would like to do some painting for us?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps so. But what do you pay for a canvas like that?" indicating the small picture under discussion.

"Well," replied the dealer, becoming confidential and stepping up close to his caller, "that is a cheap painting, and if you can paint them fa: you can make good money."

"Well, wha do you pay?" asked the artist, impatiently.

"For that size we are paying 8 cents."

Serious Omission.

Van Renssalaer," said the editor of the Society Luminary to his assistant. "Why, I noted the arrival at Newport of Mrs. Van Renssalaer and family." "True, but you did not say that they took with them a retinue of servants." HIGHER

Our Universities and Colleges Spend Millions Annually.

HOW THE FUNDS ARE INVESTED

The Business Side of Our Modern Institutions of Learning.

MONEY IS ALWAYS NEEDED

Written for The Evening Star.

Although it is seldom thought of in this connection, the business of college education is one of the great businesses of the country. The 426 colleges and universities that are about to reopen their doors to the 175,000 American college students represent an invested capital of \$250,000,000, and give employment to 25,000 persons as teachers and officers. If all the professors, students and buildings of all the American colleges were brought together in one locality they would form a city of the first magnitude. Counting the amount expended by the students themselves and that expended in their behalf by the colleges, the total sum paid out for college education in this country each year cannot fall short of \$100,000,000, a sum greater than the entire civil expenditure of the government (\$96,000,000 in 1898).

It is a fact that the United States spends more pro rata for higher education than any other country in the world. The amount per unit of population invested in colleges and universities is nearly twice as great as in England, and more than twice as great as in Germany, where, although universities are numerous, their endowments are much smaller than in this coun Yet the total holdings of the 426 American colleges and universities repre-sents an investment of only a little more than \$3 for each person in the country, which is not a large sum considering the important place assigned to liberal educa-tion by the founders of our republican government.

A Few Wealthy Ones.

While the total wealth of our colleges is \$250,000,000, or an average of \$587,000 for each, it is a fact that the greater part of the total sum is in the possession of a few of the leading universities. There are sever institutions that have together property worth \$91,000,000, or an average of \$13,000, 000 each. This leaves an average of \$350, 000 for the remaining 419. If the twenty seven institutions having productive wealth amounting to \$1,009,000 or more were de-ducted, it would be found that the average endowment in productive funds of the great majority of American colleges is only \$113,

Not only are our college endowments larger than those of any other country, but the cost of instruction is greatest here. The wealth of American colleges represents an investment of \$1,425 for each 175,000 college students. In Great Britain the average is about \$750 for each student, while in Germany it is between \$500 and 8600. This means that American professors are better paid and that more money is spent in college buildings and in scientific and mechanical equipment here than aproad.

A Gift of \$10,000,000. Mrs. Stanford's recent gift of \$10,000,000 added to its previous endowment of \$3,500, 00, makes Leland Stanford, jr., the wealthiest educational institution in the country, with one exception. The exception is Girard College, in Philadelphia, which is worth \$15,000,000, and has long stood at the head of the list. The work of Girard Col-lege, however, is the giving of technical and trade instruction, so that the newly acquired fortune of the California univer sity makes it the richest of the institutions devoted to higher education. Next on the Harvard with prod amounting to \$10,000,000. university is followed closely by Columbia Cornell and the University of Chicago Contrary to general opinion, Yale has less wealth than any of these, her productive funds amounting to only \$4,500,000.

The figures quoted show, not the total wealth of the institutions named, but the amount from which their incomes are derived. Counting in the property held hem in buildings and equipment otal would be considerably larger. following table gives approximately the

Productive\$15,250,000 eland Stanford, jr..... 13,500,000 10,000,000 9,500,000 8,000,000 Harvard...... niversity of Chicago..... 6,500,000 4,500,000

Totals.....\$67,250,000 These seven universities have a total income of \$7.478,350, or over \$1,000,000 each The income of all the colleges in the country foots up to the neighborhood of \$20. 000,000, an average of \$47,000 each. As every college lives up to its income, these figures indicate that it costs an average of \$115 per year to impart a liberal education to American college youth.

Cost of Instruction.

The difference between the incomes of the wealthiest institutions and their poorer sisters is matched by the difference in the ost of instruction. While the average for the country is only \$115, the amount in each of the universities before referred to

is from three to four times this. Harvard pays out \$400 per year for each of her nearly 4,000 students. Cornell spends \$375. Columbia \$350 and Yale \$310. As the tuition fees in these institutions vary from \$100 to \$200, in ne case rising above the latter amount, the figures seem to sustain the contention made by their managers that the student receives more for his money in the great universities than in the smaller

olleges. Taking into account all the colleges in the country, the average charge to students for tultion fees is about \$75, while the cost of instruction to the colleges themselves is \$115. In the wealthiest universities tuition charge averages \$150 and the cost of histruction \$350.

As Charity Boys.

It may be seen from this comparison that all college education in this country is, to a degree, charitable education. There is no institution entitled to be called a un!versity that is supported from its fees. Every one has and must have an income aside from that drawn from its students. The funds to provide this income come either from states or from individuals. Moreover, the larger the university, the greater must be its endowment and the greater its use for benefactions.

The fact that the college loses money, so to speak, on every student it receives has brought about one of the unique features of college management. It is generally supposed to be the aim of every institution to get as many students as possible. As a matter of fact, however, in the most pop ular universities the problem is just the op-posite—how to keep the number of students within the limits that the institution can

afford to receive.

This is done ordinarily by raising the cost of tuition or by increasing the re-quirements for entrance. Harvard, Yale and, in fact, nearly all the largest universities have had to resort to these means to prevent a too rapid growth. This is the real reason of the higher tuition and en-trance requirements of the great univer-

trance requirements of the great universities, and not, as is sometimes charged, a desire for educational exclusiveness.

So far as the management of its permanent funds is concerned, the problems offered by a great university are largely the same as those presented by an insurance society. First of all, the investment must be safe. Speculation is out of the question. In the second place, it is highly desirable that it should be permanent. Moreover, it is advantageous that the investments should have a variety of forms, so that hard times, bad management or financial disaster in any one enterprise may not cripple the work of the institution.

Two Unfortunate Colleges.

Two Unfortunate Colleges. The danger of having a college's funds all tied up in a single line of securities has peen illustrated within the past few years by the troubles of Lehigh and Johns Hopkins universities. As a Packer, the founder of the former, left its endowment in secur-

EDUCATION

ities of the Lehigh Valley railroad, while
Johns Hopkins founded his institution with
his holdings in the Baltimore and Ohlo.
The business difficulties of the two roads
cut off the income of the two institutions.
Lehigh would have been compelled to close
its doors except for an empropriation from its doors except for an appropriation from the state of Pennsylvania, and both col-leges have found themselves seriously ham-

pered by the sharp fluctuations in the earning capacity of their funds. Municipal bonds have been a favorite form of investment with colleges, for the reason that they are generally safe and return a fair rate of interest. Many of the

return a fair rate of interest. Many of the New England colleges have their funds invested in this manner.

Yale's funds are so profitably invested that with a productive capital only half that of Columbia she has an income almost as 'arge, both institutions receiving about three-quarters of a million a year.

Lost by Good Times.

Cornell is looked upon as having been especially well managed. About \$4,000,000 of her holdings came from gifts. The ren-ainder was derived from the profits of the land granted to her under the terms of the Morrill act. The policy of Cornell's mangers has been to invest her funds in municipal bonds and western farm mortgages. One of the curiosities of co'lege financiering is the fact that the good times of the past two years has injured the university. The farmers of Kansas and other western states have paid their 8 per cent mortgages instead of renewing them, and the univer-sity was compelled to reinvest at a much lower rate of interest. Many of the colleges own city real estate, having received gifts in that form, but the majority of college en-angular constant in bonds of one sort or an-other. The largest real estate owner of all the colleges is the University of Texas, which holds title to more than 2,000,000 acres of land and should some day be one of the richest institutions in the country.

As a Business Organization.

The actual management of a university's business affairs is conducted much like that of a town or city. At the beginning of the year an estimate of the probable income is made. From this the expenses of the business management are first deducted, leaving about 80 per cent for instruction and administration.

There are certain fixed charges to come out of the latter sum, such as the salaries

There are certain fixed charges to come out of the latter sum, such as the salaries of professors, the repair and care of buildings, fuel, lighting and insurance, and the payment of scholarships and prizes. The remainder is distributed among different departments just as a board of apportionment does in the case of a city.

All this is done by a committee of the board of trustees, and the annual meeting of this committee is the occasion of a fight between the different departments of the university, each one of which wants about twice what can be actually allowed it. This constant pressure from within on the part of the institution's own officers, and from without on the part of students setking admission, makes every university live up to its full income, and keeps it in a condition of poverty, no matter how great its wealth may become. Thus the constant cry for more funds that goes up from almost every institution of higher learning in the country is not ill-founded. There is probably no college of the first rank in the country that could not use twice the wealth it now possesses to advantage.

Rapid Growth.

Their wealth is growing rapidly. During the past year American colleges and universities have received \$20,000,000 in benefactions of one kind and another from individuals. The princely nature of some of these gifts, especially of Mrs. Leland Stanford's donation of \$10,000,000 to the institution named for her son, has removed the cry that too much of the money given for philanthropic purposes in this country goes to great universities, and that it is creating an "aristocracy of learning." On the other hand, the managers of these institutions say that the greater the amount of funds at their disposal, the more free scholarships and prizes they can found, the greater will be the number of presented. ships and prizes they can found, the greater will be the number of poor but deserving youth who can receive the advantages of a college education. If the growing number of students applying to them for admission are to be received, \$20,000,000 per year is none too large a sum for private philanthropy to bestow toward keeping up the equipment of the colleges and their present grade of instruction.

Liberal Giving.

While a large part of the business manigement of a university is directed by the board of trustees, the growth in size and wealth of our greatest institutions has made it more and more necessary that their presidents shall be men of business ability as well as of broad scholarship. It is generally admitted nowadays that the ability to obtain and successfully adminis-ter large sums for the benefit of the college is a more important qualification for presidency than an intimate knowledge of Greek roots or Hebraic history. While scholarship is not sacrificed in the case of the modern college president, business abil-ity is also demanded. If it comes to a quesion between the two, business ability is likely to have the preference.

Business Men as College Presidents. Columbia led the way in this movement by putting Seth Low at the head of its affairs. A generation ago a man like Mr. Low, who had made his career in business, never would have been thought of for such position. Presidents Schurman of Cornell a position. Presidents Schurman of Cornell, Angell of Michigan, Harper of Chicago and Jordan of Leland Stanford were all col-lege professors before being appointed to their present positions. But they had all proved that they were successful adminis-trators, as is shown by the fact that they have all been called upon to fill important governmental positions. The appointment of President Hadley to be president of Yale is understood to be due to the belief that that university has suffered from a lack of business enterprise, and needs a clever business man to direct its affairs. The whole tendency of the present time is, without detracting from the educational work of the university, to make it more

and more a business undertaking, conducted on strict business principles and arriving at its results by business methods

Doing the Office Work.

The actual direction of a university's business affairs is usually in the hands of a treasurer, whose duties are much the same as those of a bank president. He investigates proposed investments and has the general oversight of all the financial These activitles are directly in charge of separate bureaus or departments. One of these, in the case of the larger universities employing half a dozen clerks, looks after the collection of tuition and other fees from students. Another and larger force of clerks looks after the renting of rooms in the college dormitories, and, in cases where a commons is maintained, the supply of food to the college dining rooms. As many as 100 men are employed in this branch of the business office of a university like Harwhich looks after the university's investments and the collection of its income from these investments. In institutions like Cornell, which are large owners of real estate, this may be the largest and most important department of all. Cornell, for example, has a force of farm loan inspectors, woodsmen and mapmakers, and maintains a land office at Eau Claire, Wis., to look after its western properties.

The modern university, therefore, in adsome instances the businesses of a bank, a real estate and investment office, a hotel and a collecting agency. In these multi-form operations a great university employs several hundred men.

Where a Good Pistol is Admired.

From the Chicago Daily News. The Hon. William Wortham, long state treasurer of Texas, was in a New York

jewelry store one day when he noticed a showcase filled with splendid teweled revolvers, with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts.
"Lemme see one of those guns," he said

"Which one, sir?"

"Which one, sir?"

"The gold one with the big ruby in the handle."

The clerk took it from the case. It was marked \$300, and it looked even worth more. The Texan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then drawing himself up to his full height, which was six feet and a half, he rested the revolver upon his left elbow, crooked for the purpose, and looked over the sights down the long store. Those persons who saw involuntarily dodged.

"Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm, as he returned the intense enthusiasm, as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun down in my state the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

Billy Gray was indeed in close arrest and

he grim prophecy was fulfilled-Col. Canker was proving "anything but a guardian angel to him." The whole regiment, officers and men, barring only the commander, was practically in mourning with sorrow for him and chagrin over its own discomfiture. Not only one important prisoner was gone, but two; not only two, but four, No man in authority was able to say just when or how it happened, for it was Can-ker's own order that the prisoners should not be paraded when the guard fell in at night. They were there at tattoo and at taps "all secure." The officer of the guard, said several soldiers, had quite a long talk with one of the prisoners—young Morton—just after tattoo, at which time the entire guard had been inspected by the commanding officer himself. But at reveille four most important prisoners were sone four most important prisoners were gone and, such was Canker's wrath, not only was Gray in arrest, but the sergeant of the guard also, while the three luckless men who were successively posted as sen-tries during the night at the back of the wooden shell that served as a guardhouse were now in close confinement in the nisc

but that—"that little army woman" d give the order so that it would be ed. Not one bit did the president like were now in close commendent in the place of the escaped quartet. Yet those three were men who had hith-erto been above suspicion, and there were few soldiers in the regiment who would to do it, but something had to be done to obtain the necessary order, for the soldiers who so willingly and promptly obeyed her beck and call were now edging away for Iew soldiers in the regiment who would accept the theory that any one of the three had connived at the escape. As for the sergeani—he had served four enlistments in the —teenth, and without a flaw in his record beyond an occasional aberration in the now distant past, due to the potency of the poteen distilled by certain Hibernian experts not far from an old-time "plains fort," where the regiment had rested on its march 'cross continent. As for the a look at the newcomers, and Mrs. Frank Garrison, perched on the carriage step and chatting most vivaciously with its occuapparently about the Red Cross or its ta-bles, had the gratification of finding herself approached, quite as she had planned, by two most prominent and distinguished woof San Francisco society and requested

stretched the moment she caught sight of him. "We wanted to come when we heard of it yesterday, Mr. Gray," said Amy Lawrence, "but it was dark when we got back from seeing the fleet off, and uncle was too tired in the evening. Indeed, we are al very, very sorry!" And poor Billy never heard or cared what the others said, so ab-sorbed was he in drinking in her gentle words and gazing into her soft, dark eyes. No wonder he found it difficult to release her hand. That brief visit, filled with sweetness and sunshine, ought to have been a blessing to him all day long, but Canker caught sight of the damsels they walked away on the arms of the at-tendant cavallers—Miss Lawrence more than once smiling back at the incarcerated Billy and Canker demanded to be informe and Gordon answered that they were Mis-Lawrence of Santa Anita and Miss Primof New York-and he "reckoned" they of New York-and he "reckoned" they must have been in to condole with Mr. Gray—whereat Canker snarled that people ought to know better than to visit officers in arrest-it was tantamount to disrespect

BILLY WAS CHARGED WITH LETTING THE PRISONERS ESCAPE.

to the commander. It was marvelous how many things in Canker's eyes were disre So he heard these stories with eager ear nd sent for Gray, and thought to bully aim into an admission or confession, bu Gordon's words had "stiffened" the fellow to the extent of braving Canker's anger and telling him he had said all he proposed to say when the colonel called him up the previous day. The result of that previous interview was his being placed in close arrest and informed that he

should be tried by general court-martial at ence. So he had taken counsel, as was his right, and "counsel" forbade his committing himself in any way.

"Then you refuse to divulge the contents of that note and to say why you were so eager to go on guard out of your turn?" said Canker, oracularly. "That in itself is sufficient to convince any fair-minded court

of your guilt, sir." Whereat Gordon wink ed at Billy and put his tongue in his che -and Billy stood mute until ordered, with much asperity, to go back to his tent. But there were other things that might well go toward convincing a court of the guilt of Lieutenant Gray, and poor Billy contemplated them with sinking heart. Taking prompt advantage of his position as officer of the guard, he had caused the young prisoner to be brought outside the guardhouse, and as a heavy, dripping fog had come on the wings of the night wind, sailing in from the sea, he had led the way to the sheltered side, which happened be the darkest one, of the rude littl building, and had there bidden his story. But Morton glanced uneasily at a sentry who followed close and wa suspiciously about. "I canno out the affair with that fellow spying," he said, with an eager plea in his tone and a sign of the hand that Gray well knew and quickly recognized. "Keep around in front. I'll be responsible for this prisoner," were his orders, and, almost re-luctantly, the man left. He was a veteran soldier, and his manner impressed the lieutenant with a vague sense of trouble. Twice the sentry glanced back and hesitated, as though something were on his mind that the sentry granted back and nesitated, as though something were on his mind that he must tell, but finally he disappeared and kept out of the way during the brief in-terview that immediately followed. The prisoner eagerly, excitedly began his explanation—swiftly banishing any lingering doubts Gray might have entertained as to his innocence. But he had come from a his innocence. But he had come from a stove-heated guard room into the cold sea stove-heated guard room into the story wish wind off the Pacific—into the floating wishs wind off the Pacific—into the floating wishs. of vapor that sent chill to the marrow. He was far too lightly clad for that climate

and presently he began to shiver "You are cold," said Gray, pityingly.
"Have you no overcoat?" "It's at my tent-I never expected to spend this night here. I've been before the summary court, fined for absence and thought that would end it, but instead of that I'm a prisoner and the man who should be here is stalking about camp, planning more robberies. Yet I'd rather associate with the very worst of the deserters of dead beats inside there," and the dark eyes glanced almost in horror—the slender figure shook with mingled repulsion an chill—"than with that smooth-tongued sneak and liar. There's no crime too mean for him to commit, Mr. Gray, and the men are beginning to know." are beginning to know it, though the colonel won't. For God's sake get me out of this nel won't. For God's sake get me out of this before morning—." And again the violent tremor shook the lad from head to foot.

"Here—get inside!" said Gray, impulsively. "I'll see the adjutant at once and return to you in a few minutes. If you have to remain until the matter can be investigated by the general it might be—"

vehemently interrupted

"What nonsense" shrilled Mrs. Garrison. lines. "Well," said he, "if you s'pose any him, with frank smiles and sympathy in stopping on the way back," he added-well her kind and wincome for the lines. "Well," said he, "if you s'pose any him, with frank smiles and sympathy in stopping on the way back," he added-well of creature comfort of some surreptidous and forbidden kind. The man was back in a moment, the coat rolled on his arm.
"I'll take it," said Gray simply. "You

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the soldier hesitated. "D'ye think the service has gone to the devil and officers are runnin' errands for enlisted men? An' get back inside two minutes, too," he added with portent in his tone. The subaltern of hardly two months' service felt the implied hardly two months' service felt the implied rebuke of the soldler of over twenty years and meekly accepted the amendment, but and meekly accepted the amendment, but— a thought occurred to him: He had prom-ised Morton paper, envelopes and stamps and the day's newspapers—the lad seemed strangely eager to get all the latter, and vaguely Billy remembered having heard that Canker considered giving papers to prisoners as equivalent to aid and comfort

And when the officer of the guard returned to the guard house and went in to the prisoner, the sergeant saw—and others saw—that, rolled in the soldier's overcoat he carried on his arm, was a bundle done up in ewspaper. Moreover, a scrap of conversaion was overheard.

some way out of it! The morning will be too late."

"Then I'll do what I can for you tonight," said Mr. Gray as he turned and hurriedly left the guard room—a dozen men standing stiffly about the walls and doorway and staring with impassive faces straight to the front. Again the score of staring with impassive faces straight to the front. Again, the young officer had left the post of the guard and gone up into camp, while far and near through the dim, fogswept alsles of a score of camps the bugles and trumpets were walling the signal for "lights out," and shadowy forms with coat collars turned up about the ears or capes muffled around the neck scurried about the company streets ordering laughter and talk to cease. A covered carriage was front. talk to cease. A covered carriage was standing at the curb outside the officers'

there were several places where carriages could be had, preferred loyalty to his own particular stable away in town, and so delared there was none.

"And wait till morning for it to get here? No! I'll get it—somehow."

And that he did get it somehow was current rumor on the following day, for the sentries on the guardhouse side of camp swore that a closed carriage drove down from McAllister street for all the world as though it had just come out of the park, and rolled on past the back of the guardhouse, the driver loudly whistling "Killarney," so that it could be heard above the crunching of the wheels through the rough loose rock that covered the road, and that carriage drew up not a hundred yards away, while the lieutenant was out visiting sentries, and presently they saw him half an hour he was back, asking exci

haif an hour he was back, asking excitedly of the sentry in rear of the guardhouse if a carriage had come that way. It had, said the sentry, and was waiting down the street. Gray hurried in the direction indicated, was gone perhaps three minutes, and returned, saying that the sentry must be mistaken, that no carriage was there. But the sentry reiterated his statement that it had been there and had been waiting for some time, and must have disappeared while he was temporarily around at the opposite side of the building. This was about 11 p.m.

Then when Gray appeared at reveille Morton had disappeared.

"It's not the sergeant let them fellers out," said the regimental oracles. "This

edn't come."
"Go on with it!" ordered the sergeant as

prisoners as equivalent to aid and comfort to the enemy.

"Take it by way of my tent," said he as they started, and once there it took time to find things. "Go back to the sergeant major and tell him I sent you," said Gray. after another search. "He needs you on those papers."

And when the officer of the guard return-

"There's no one at the general's," said the officer. "I see no way of-fixing it bethe officer. fore morning." ...ieutenant! There must be "My God. some way out of it! The morning will be

gate-as a certain hole in the fence was gate—as a certain noise in the rence was designated—and the sentry there posted re-membered that the officer of the guard came hurrying out and asked the driver if

he was engaged. "I'm waiting for the major," was the answer.
"Well, where can one order a carriage tonight without going clear to town?" in-quired Gray. "I want one—that is, I wish to order one at once."

And the driver, who knew very

"You can telephone there, if you wish. "And wait till morning for it to get here?

away, while the lieutenant was out visit-ing sentries, and presently they saw him coming back along the walk, stopping to question each sentry as to his orders. Then he returned and inquired if all was quiet among the prisoners, and then went and put out his light in the tent reserved for the officer of the guard, and once more left his post, briefly informing the sergeant of the guard he was going to the officer of of the guard he was going to the omcer of the day. Then it was ascertained that he had visited half a dozen places in search of that veteran captain, and appeared much disturbed because he could not find him. In half an hour he was back, asking evetted in

From Puck.

"I'm afraid we've offended Mrs. Lorenze